

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep thy heart from wandering and thy soul from sleep, Go to the words and hills.—Lafayette.

Vol. 23, No. 7.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia September 10, 1903.

\$1.00 a Year

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please communicate by letter and
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venience.

CINCINNATI TO MEMPHIS.

THE RIVER ROUTE—PLACES OF INTEREST.

Scenes on the Mississippi—A Storm and a Tie-up.

In the fall of '96, while on the wharf in Cincinnati, my attention was called to a big stern-wheel steamer being hurriedly loaded by about 50 roustabouts. A big sign was displayed, stating she would leave at 5 in the evening for Memphis. Having long desired to make a trip South, I concluded to take this opportunity. I made arrangements at once and when the bells and whistles, sounding very much like our passenger whistles on the Greenbrier division though much noisier, signaled the departure of the boat, I was comfortably installed for the long, slow journey.

The boat was a fine one, loaded with machinery and all manner of other things made in the North for the use of the Southern people. There were a few passengers, the captain, mates, pilots, engineers, firemen, clerks, cooks, chambermaids and about 15 or 20 negro roustabouts.

We reached Louisville, Ky., early the following morning, took on some more freight and passengers and then started on our trip. There are three locks at Louisville, the River being too rough and dangerous for boats to navigate. There is a big channel to one side with what is called locks, in going down the boats run into the first one and then the water is run from this one into the second until the water in the two are level and then the large gates are thrown open and the boat passes on into the second lock when the same thing is repeated until you get through all three. It takes a boat about two hours to go through them.

The next town of importance after leaving Louisville is Evansville, Ind., a large city with brick and asphalt pavements, pretty dwellings, fine business houses, a magnificent government building, etc. The boat stopped at Evansville about an hour loading and unloading, during which time the passengers took the opportunity to take a stroll in the city.

Resuming our trip on South we soon came to Paducah, Ky., which is a pretty little town near the Tennessee line, here I saw more pretty girls congregated in one town than I have ever been my pleasure to see anywhere else, the town is noted for its pretty girls.

After leaving Paducah we soon reached Cairo, Ill., a town in former years known for its wickedness, where gambling, licentiousness and bowl-houses flourished in the green bay tree, but in latter years it has lost its bad reputation. South-bound steamers always takes on a full cargo of coal, filling their bunkers to overflowing, as Cairo is at the mouth of the Ohio and after the boats pass into the Mississippi they have to pay a much higher price for their coal. The boat loaded on coal for about three hours, and then lashing a coal barge to her side pulled out with all of her roustabouts still at work carrying coal from the barge until it was emptied, then the barge was cut loose and tied up to the bank, leaving it to be picked up by a tug carrying empties North.

We then passed into the great Mississippi noted for its length, the flood she causes when overflowing her banks, which are very high and steep. The channel is changeable, caused from the bottom being of sand which shifts from one side of the river to the other, and a pilot has to feel his way along by taking measurements, occasionally, by means of a lead-line.

We soon reached Corinth, Ark., where I saw the first bales of cotton I ever saw being loaded on a St. Louis bound steamer. The negroes were working like mad loading the cotton with a mate standing over them with a large stick, and every time

a negro slackened his speed he was terribly cursed and if that didn't make him hurry up he was knocked down with the stick, (this is a fact, I saw two knocked down and beaten by that mate in a half hour's time, they were big burly negroes, but got up and went to work, not saying anything back to the mate.) By talking with other passengers I found out that that was the usual way for steamboat mates in the South to treat the roustabouts.

If you have never been down the Mississippi on a steamer you can have no idea what a fine trip it is to set out on the top deck and see the fine plantations, the pretty farm houses, and in the fall to see the great white fields of cotton. At night the search light on the steamer thrown up the pretty hillsides lightening up the country and giving flash light pictures, sometimes in the radius of the light you can see droves of cattle browsing away at the verdant fields, sometimes it is thrown on a log cabin and you can see little picnics, old gray haired uncles and fat black mamies all looking at the boat and a long lanky dog who mistakes the big light for the moon and sets up the most heart rendering howls and makes one wish he had a good gun.

Later on in the night a storm came up the first we have had on this trip, brilliant flashes of lightning and thunder sounding like a great bombardment in war times, the wind is blowing up the river throwing water all over the lower deck then a down pour of rain that makes every one go to shelter, the storm rages on and the boat has to go to the bank and tie up for a few hours and the passengers can't sleep, they begin to grumble and wish that they were safely housed in one of those pretty farm houses that we passed the previous day where there was not so much water and less motion. The roustabouts were lying under the big boilers snoring away as happy and contented as if they were in some barn filled with new mown hay. The next morning the storm being over and the sun shining out bright and clear we are resuming our trip, the air smells fresh and the scent of flowers is wafted across the waters to us and all forget the dreaded night just passed, and are again enjoying the trip, we pass a large island, simply covered with wild ducks that take to wing at our approach and cast a shadow over the boat like a big black cloud. The negroes begin to sing southern airs and everyone seems to possess that lazy don't-care feeling so prevalent in the South.

In due time, after a nine days trip, we reached Memphis, a pretty town, the wharf is filled as far as eye can see with great piles of baled cotton awaiting transportation to northern markets. Steamers are loading and unloading, the wharf is alive with negroes running about carrying loads to and from the boats.

Among the attractions of Memphis is a pretty park with benches for the loungers and strangers to sit upon and watch the pretty gray squirrels that play in the grass and are as much at home and as free as our squirrels that roam in our mountains, for these squirrels are protected by a big fat policeman who may be seen at any time chasing dogs and cats out of the park. It is indeed a very comical sight to see the man weighing about 250 pounds with a big club chasing a dog the size of Sergeant Anderson's little rat terrier.

Memphis has a very fine public library on the banks of the Mississippi River, there is a pretty green lawn surrounding it with a great profusion of flower beds. In the library one may sit and read the latest papers from all over this great and glorious country.

Miss Georgie Ligon and Myrtle Varner, accompanied by Yancey Ligon and George Hanna, visited Mrs. Dr. McClintic last week, at Academy. Yancey Ligon has since returned to Kentucky.

G. M. J.

AN EXCURSION.

TO SOUTHERN POCAHONTAS.

A Reminiscence of 1861.—The Journey Across Droop.

August 28, 1903 is in the memory of some as one of the warmest days of the present phenomenal summer, in the way of climatic extremes. All seemed cool and dry enough about the Marlinton station during the 15 minutes wait for the 3:45 train.

Two old confederates met with friendly greetings when a spectator observed, I suppose you fought, bled and died together in the great war. Well only in part we fought some, but bleeding and dying were just the things we didn't want to do and didn't any more than could be helped.

Upon entering the car for Beard an unexpected diversion was found to be on the schedule. The passengers were favored with a reverse ride at leisurely speed to where a side-tracked car was standing covered from the wheels on both sides, front and rear with gilded letters setting forth the attractions of Indian Bill's Wild West National Entertainment and after a series of abortive efforts to couple, by which the writer was well shaken up, the imposing, pretentious advertising car was finally hitched on and away all speeded towards the setting sun. The time was once when the presence of Indians would have occasioned, panic, weeping and dread of bloody scenes throughout the Greenbrier Valley; now the prospect of Indians coming soon is anticipated as the crowing pleasure of the season, by all the devotees of pleasurable diversion, Indian Show day cannot come too soon now. How times do change and we change with them. In due time Beard was reached nestled amid meadows, cornfields and orchards and flanked by the gently flowing Greenbrier. A polite young loiterer about the station pointed out the way to Mrs. Nannie Beard's he called my attention to a by-way leading to a sugar maple when the main road would be reached, follow that until another road switched off to left, take that and you will soon be there. The path to the Maples led through a brushy thicket and soon as I entered the same I was confronted by Sydney McCoy, wielding an ugly looking pitchfork with a broken handle, Sydney is a pleasant looking half grown lad, and seemed to be pleased with the idea of looking dangerous and to relieve my fears took pains to explain he was just piling up some brush his big brother was cutting. "Sydney what do you follow for a living?" "O nothing much, but moving around with this here thing." As I looked at the boy he wiped the sweat from his juvenile brow. I felt like wishing his way of living might be like the boy I once asked the same question, "O I just eats, thats how Mister." Leaving Sydney to himself to work out his way of living, I soon came to the "big brother" with his brush hook and we had some talk about the best time to kill brush, which he believed to be in dog days.

Climbing the wire fence at the point indicated, by the unknown friend at the station, I soon came to the road that "switched" and there finding a commodious well shaded stump, I availed myself of its inviting comforts and while jotting down several pages of these notes, three teams with tremendous logs passed. Then Sheriff Callison and he gave me to understand he had nothing to do but "good will" and then came J. F. Darnell from Boyer, inquiring the way to the Locust saw mill and soon after that I took up my valise and found what I was looking for at Mrs. Nannie Beard's, a reception too pleasant for any thankful words found in my portable dictionary. In this typical Pocahontas Farm Home, a very

delightful evening was passed and were I to write of all that came to mind, it would require a rehearsal of "On to Grafton." This home was built by parties that I saw during that excursion, May and June 1861, one was Lieutenant in his scarlet blouse, mounted on one of the finest and most showy horses in the whole cavalry service moving on towards the most remote and exposed post in the whole confederacy, without sabre or carbine. The other a lovely souled Tygart's Valley girl, along with scores of others, with busy hands and alternate smiles and tears, waiting on the tired and hungry young patriots as they advanced and when they returned. And now after more than forty two years I see her before me, the mother of five stalwart sons and three daughters like their mother was. The young soldier, the husband and the father, up at the old church yard waiting for all to come to him and he cannot return to them, ever honored be the memory of Henry Moffett Beard. At an early hour the following day I was on a short tramp for John Dunlop's home on Locust creek, the historic Beard place, associated with my earliest memories and where some of my happiest youthful days were spent with some of the best boys in my opinion that ever came my way. Thrillingly strange thoughts impressed me as I came in view of the venerable log dwelling one of the best of its kind when built nearly a century since that this was once the home of my orphaned mother and that here my parents were married by Dr. McIlhenney in 1828. Several delightful hours were passed and it was so gratifying that the old home was found to be in the hands of such pleasant friends as now live there. As I received special instructions not to give publicity to what I might see or hear, I will not write what I might have otherwise written about the refreshing cup of wild grape juice, the elaborate and elegant dinner that was enjoyed and the interesting conversation about friends mutually known to us. It was here Nelson Hill found me as was arranged to take me over to Jaycox beyond Droop mountain.

Mounting the strong white horse he led over for my use, and for Nelson as my guide we were soon climbing the steep and rugged byways up the mountain whence one of the most beautiful birds-eye prospects of the Little Levels can be had, so far as is known. It would take a book to contain all that Nelson talked about and what I thought about while climbing the mountain, threading the shaded paths and roads across the broad summit and down the western slopes to his home in the Jacob Valley. Nevertheless I will say something about what was called to mind by a mountain side home that was passed during the ascent. Fifty five years ago while canvassing this neighborhood as a bible colporteur I came to a home where there was a very sick young person. She had been quite an invalid for quite a while and her prospects for recovery were not encouraging and what made matters worse she seemed to be in deep mental distress. She talked well and had a very sweet voice, beautiful oval features and her form seemed to have been of the finest mould. Before I left she had the mistress of the cabin home to leave me read sing and pray, thereupon the 23 Psalm was read and the hymn beginning "When languor and disease invade" was sung and afterwards I learned that she was a homeless girl such as the Author of the Vicar's daughter must have had in mind, when he was writing the well known lines.

To give repentance to her lover, And wring his bosom is to die." For fear my readers may think I am in the habit of exaggerating matters, I will not try to describe the charming reception that awaited me at the home of Nelson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hill, and of the hours that passed in conversation, sacred song and bible studies. Mr. Hill had me go with him to the old Morrison Mill one of the most unique structures of the kind no doubt anywhere in West Virginia, and in its time a great convenience to the neighborhood. The death of its builder and owner Thomas Morrison, Dec. 1860 is one of the strangest and most pathetic incidents that ever happened to any one of his calling in our county and the particulars may be given some other time. At the hour for Sabbath School Bro. Hill and myself made the short uphill walk to Jacob church, located in a remarkably picturesque situation and one is impressively reminded of what is said of a central place for worship of so many ages, "beautiful for situation is Mt. Zion, on the sides of the north," Mack Simmons, superintendent the Sabbath School and Prof. Snedegar conducted the Bible class. Upon declining complimentary invitations to take a leading part in the exercises, I became a scholar with the understanding no hard questions were to be asked me. This seemed to be construed as simply fishing for hard questions and I got them. And let me pipe a note of warning to those contemplating a visit to this region to get posted so as to give a list of the places David went to while refugeeing from King Saul, and in what respects the characters of Saul the King and Saul of Tarsus resembled what King shot arrows, and what King killed another King with an arrow and what other King seemed to repent, without a permanent change in disposition. Unless something like this be done, he will not find much ice to cut, as a lecturer or preacher.

Before preaching time a splendid audience had gathered from the hills and the dales, such as would justify the best efforts any living speaker could make, and not to do so would be serious mistake.

Services over Adam Young now took me in hand and getting in his surrey along with his family his spanking team of trusty bays carried us safely and rapidly to his nice home standing on the rim of extinct volcanic crater, fragments of the lava, can be picked up as matters of curiosity, suggestive however of the terrible conflict of the elements that must have been once waged here where all is so sweetly quiet and reposeful now. After a bountiful dinner was served and enjoyed by quite a number of guests besides the family and all had become quiet, the parents arranged for the baptism of their three children, Henry, John and Anna. Six lovely children have been born in this home but the good Shepherd has taken three to himself. This being so there was something very pathetic in the words that were read and briefly commented on about Jesus taking little children in his arms blessing them and saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of God." Three on earth and three in heaven they cannot come to us but we cannot go to them. Just as the sun was going down Mr. Young booked up his team and a most enjoyable drive was had to Lobelia five miles away for an 8 o'clock service. An immense audience was in waiting, such as rarely assemble for an ordinary Sabbath night service. The Key note of the services was sounded when all the people sang as Lobelia congregations can sing.

To serve the present age My calling to fulfill O may it all my powers engage To do my master's will." As the setting sun closes the duties of the day, so the dimly

And finds too late that men betray,

What charm can sooth her melancholy,

What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,

To hide her shame from every eye

To serve the present age My calling to fulfill

O may it all my powers engage

To do my master's will."

As the setting sun closes the duties of the day, so the dimly

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As the setting sun closes the duties of the day, so the dimly

failing, pulpit lamp, mutely implied that services should close so the exodus was sung and soon thereafter an assembly worth coming hundreds of miles to meet dispersed to be guided to their homes by the stars and the crescent new August moon occasionally veiled by a passing cloud.

It would have required two weeks of nights to accept the invitations pressed upon me and so W. B. Hill whose facile pen has so frequently interested our readers for years past took up my carriage and led me to his pleasant home near at hand whose speedy repose was soon enjoyed.

In morning worship at Doctor Hills' we had sung. Great God may all my hours be thine Whilst I enjoy the light, Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a pleasant night.

In that pleasant Lobelia home in a very impressive manner. I was privileged to realize that all this had come true in a sweetly pathetic way during that fifth Sabbath of August 1903.

W. T. P.

Indian Relics.

We have recently displayed in our printing office a part of the large collection of Indian relics collected by Dr. Norman Price, during the past twenty years. Being one of the largest private collections in the two Virginias, it contains many interesting and rare specimens of Indian handiwork. These relics were found mainly in Pocahontas county, a fertile field in which to pick up implements used in warfare and the chase, but pipes, pottery and others articles of domestic equipment are seldom found. The fact is well established that there were no Indian villages on the Greenbrier. The country drained by it, however was the favorite hunting and camping ground of the dwellers along the Kanawha and Ohio. So widely distributed are these relics in this section that every family can tell of especially fine relics which have been in their possession but are now lost or broken.

We would be glad if those having relics in their possession would bring them here for exhibition and safe keeping if they do not wish to part with them.

A Revolutionary Soldier.

The remains of a soldier of the Continental army who probably followed Washington during the dark days of the struggle for independence, were unearthed a few days ago near the bank of Deckers Creek, at the south end of High street, by workmen excavating for the piers of Chancery Hill bridge. The remains of the patriot have been in the earth for over a hundred years, and there was little to tell the story, but enough.

Besides a few bones, the brass buttons and belt buckle of a soldier of the Continental army, and a brass insignia, such as they were on their hats were found. There were also several coins, among them, on which the date "1777" and the words "King George III" were easily distinguishable, showing that although in arms against the British monarch, the ragged "Continental" did not scorn his coin.

There is no tradition of a soldier having been buried there, and the conclusion is that, the remains were those of one of Washington's followers killed in a fight with the Indians.

Morgantown News.

Commissioners' Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

Pursuant to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Va., rendered at the April term 1903 thereof in the chancery cause of H. A. Yeager's admrx. v. H. A. Yeager's heirs others, the undersigned special commissioners will on TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1903, the first day of the October Circuit Court at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas county, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder the following described tracts or parcels of lands of which Henry A. Yeager died seized.

town of Marlinton at the junction of Main street and Camden avenue. This lot has been divided into 8 lots facing Main street and Camden avenue with proper alleys and now constitute one of the best business blocks in the town of Marlinton. Said lots numbered from 1 to 8 inclusive will be offered for sale separately, and then the block as a whole and the or bids will be accepted as may prove most advantageous for said estate. The plat of this block may be seen at the office of the clerk of the Circuit Court of said county.

Lot 1 and Lot 2 are 30 x 165. Lot 3 is 34 x 165. Lot 4 is 40 x 165. Lot 5 is 34 x 120.

Lot 6 and Lot 7 are 40 x 120. Lot 8 (Corner Lot) is 50 x 120.

2nd. Lot 26 in Block 34 of the proper plat of said town known as the Crouch lot. This lot has on it a dwelling house and three other buildings suitable for out-buildings or tenement houses.

3rd. Lots No. 8 and 9 in block 14 of said town. These lots adjoin; are vacant and are well situated near the tannery site and will be offered separately. These lots especially well located for dwelling houses.

4th. The lots No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 15 and 16, in block 19 of said town. These lots are opposite the C. & O. Railway Co's. depot and are well located for business lots or dwellings. They will be offered as follows:

Lots 1 and 2 on which is a four room cottage. Lot 3 on which is also a two room cottage. Lots 4 and 5 on which is a large two story dwelling house now occupied by A. B. Kincaid and others.

Lots 8 and 9 on which is located a large dwelling house now occupied by Mrs. Bella F. Yeager. Lots 7, 10, 15 and 16 which are vacant lots will be offered separately.

5th. Lots 1 and 2 in Block 21, of said town. These lots are in the block on which the Bank of Marlinton is located and are among the most desirable in said town. They will be offered separately. They adjoin and are vacant.

6th. Three tracts of land containing 10, 56, 47 1/2 acres, and the spruce and hemlock timber on 117 acres all of which is known as the Kerr land, situated in Greenbank District in this county. Said land is partly improved and partly in timber. This property will be offered as a whole.

7th. The undivided one-half of a tract of timberland containing in all 160 acres on Pileas mountain known as the Church land, and owned by said estate and L. M. McClintic jointly.

8th. The 1-5 undivided interest in a tract of 1600 acres in Greenbank District on the West fork of Greenbrier River. This land is in timber. The rest of the tract is in the names of W. M. McAllister, R. S. Turk, J. R. England and Chas. P. Jones.

9th. A tract of timber land containing 71 acres known as the Price Land opposite the town of Marlinton and running to the line of the corporation. Said tract has been divided into eight lots to give any one an opportunity to buy a desirable wood land or building lot near said town.

Lot No. 1 contains 5 acres. Lot No. 2 contains 5 acres. Lot No. 3 contains 6 1/2 acres. Lot No. 4 contains 8 acres. Lot No. 5 contains 7 1/2 acres. Lot No. 6 contains 7 1/2-10 acres. Lot No. 7 contains 15 acres. Lot No. 8 contains 16 acres.

The lots are laid off across said tract beginning near E. M. Johnson's new house. Said land will be offered by the lot and then as a whole, and sold in the manner most money can be realized. A plat is on file with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for inspection by any persons interested.

10th. All rights which said estate has in a four room cottage built by mistake in a street by Lot 1 in Block 19.

TERMS OF SALE: So much cash in hand as will pay the costs of this suit and the expenses of sale, and as for the residue, upon a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months, with interest, the purchaser executing notes with good personal security, retaining the legal title until all the purchase money is paid.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
T. S. McNEEL,
E. B. JONES,
ANDREW PRICE,
Special Commissioners.

J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County do hereby certify that bond has been given by said special commissioners as required by said decree.